OUTLAWS

A Stirring Serial of R mantic Adventure, by

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Treasure Island," "Kidnaped," Etc. seech you now, good boy, comfort a poor soul in peril and extreme distress, and

JOHN AMEND-ALL.

spring-time, the bell upon Tunstall Most house was heard ringing at an unaccustomed hour. Far and near, in the Forest and in the fields along the river, | door," he said, handing it to the parson. people began to desert their labors and "I found naught else, sir parson." hurry towards the sound; and in Tunstall Hamlet a group of poor country folk stood wondering at the summons.

Presently there was a noise of a horse, and soon, out of the edge of the wood and eighteen, sun-browned and gray-eyed, in ter, and most uncouthly speit. a jacket of deer's leather, with a black velvet collar, a green hood upon his head, and a steel cross-bow at his back.

Just then Bennet Hatch come galloping a brown-faced, grizzled fellow, heavy of hand and grim of mien, armed with sword ond spear, a steel salet on his head, a leather jack upon his body. He was a great man in these parts; Sir Daniel's right hand in peace and war, and at that time, by his master's interest, bailiff of the hundred.

The house to which these two were bound was the last in the village, standing alone among lilacs; and beyond it, on three sides, there was open meadow rising towards the borders of the wood. Hatch dismounted, threw his rein over

the fonce, and walked down the field, Dick keeping close at his elbow, to where an old soldier was digging, knee-deep in his cabbages, and now and again, in a cracked voice, singing a snatch of a song.

"Nick Appleyard," said Hatch, "Sir Oliver commends him to you, and bids that ye shall come within this hour to the Moat house, there to take command." The old fellow looked up.

"Save you, my masters!" he said, "And where goeth Master Hatch?"

"Ay, verily," said the old fellow, turning to look over his shoulder, and then he put up his hand over his eyes and stood "Why, what are you looking at?" asked

Bennet. The veteran continued looking up the ear. hill in silence.

"What is it, Appleyard?" asked Dick, "Why, the birds," said Appleyard. Aud, sure enough, over the top of the for this Sir Harry Shelton was not his forest a flight of joirds was skimming to own natural father. But he said never a

and fro in evident disorder.
"What of the birds?" said Bennet. "A)?" returned Appleyard, "y' are a wise man to go to war, Master Bennet. Birds are a good sentry; in forest places

they be the first line of battle." "Why, old shrew," said Haich, "thera Kettlev."

ORT of "answered Hatch, a little sobered.

Appleyard; "and in the first order stretched in a mantle on theifteen stretched in a mantle on theifteen that and the above tricholas, the bowman Section 2. by St. George, we stand!-

hink ye, would he choose?"

Worlbiy' are the shrewishest old dolt in ally slender, and somewhat awkward of Tunstall Forest," returned Hatch, visibly gait.

ruffled by these threats. An arrow sang in the air like a huge hornet; it struck old Appleyard between plight?" the shoulder blades and plerced him through, and he fell forward on his face

among the cabbages. Bennet raised the old archer on his worked, and his eyes opened and shut other. Laugh while yet ye may!" like machinery, and he had a most horri-

ble, ugly look of one in pain. "Can ye hear, old Nick?" asked Hatch.

a' Mary's name," gasped Appleyard. be done with Old England. Pluck it Dick laid down his crossbow, and pull-

ing hard upon the arrow drew it forth. A gush of blood followed; the old archer half scrambled upon his feet, called once upon the name of God, and then fell dead. said Hatch, "It'll be my turn

"Who bath done this, Bennet?" Rich ard asked, still holding the arrow in his

"Nay, the saints know," said Hatch. "This is a strange shaft," said the lad, looking at the arrow in his hand.

"Ay, by my faith!" cried Bennet. "Black, and black feathered. Here is an Ill-favored shaft, by my sooth! for black, they say, bodes burial. And here be

words written. Wipe the blood away. What read ye?" "Appulyared fro Jon Amend-All,"

read Shelton. "What should this be-"Nay, I like it not," returned the re-

tainer, shaking his head. "But why stand we here to make a mark. Take zance of this packet from Sir Oliver, him by the knees, good Master Shelton, wherein are all things fully stated, us lay him in his house." They had scarce carried the old archer

into his house are they were followed by Here is good ale and bacon. Eat, while a tall, portly, ruddy, black-eyed man of that I read." near fifty, in a surplice and black robe.

ing, as he entered; but he stopped dead. had done he sat a little, musing. Then "Ave Maria!" he cried. "Saints be our he looked sharply at his ward. shield! What cheer is this?"

"Cold cheer with Appleyard, sir parson," answered Hatch, with perfect

cincerfulness. "Ay, Bennet," said the priest, "and what may this be? What enemy bath of a parson is, by some mad soul, accused done this?"

"Here, Sir Oliver, is the arrow. See, it is written upon with words," said

emen! Sire, this knave arrow likes me

And then the whole party proceeded, one Duckworth shrewdly blamed for it; rear to stand their shot! I was even somewhat timorously, to sally from the couse and get to horse.

"Tis time we were on the road, Sir

when coming to a turn, they saw the

church before them. At the lych-gate repose." On a certain afternoon, in the late near a score of men were gathered, some in saddle, some standing by their horses'

heads. One of these came up carrying a "The writing was pinned to the church

"What have we here?" cried Sir Oliver. But this runs hard on sacrilege! The from the room. light falls space. Good Master Richard, y' have young eyes. Read me, I prav,

this ibel." over the echoing bridge, there rode up and read it aloud. It contained some he goes through the ten I may come up young Master Richard Shelton, Sir Daniel lines of very rugged idoggerel, hardly with him and pull his ears." Brackley's ward, a young fellow not yet even rhyming, written in a gross charac-

"I had four blak arrows under my belt, F. ur for the greefs that I have felt, Four for the nomber of fil menne That have appressed me now and then.

One is gone; one is well sped; Old Applyaird is ded. One is for Maister Bennet Hatch

That burned Grimstone, walls and thatch. one is for Sir Oliver Oates.

Sir Daniel, ye shall have the fourt; We shall think it fair sport.

Ye shull each have your own part, A blak rrow in each blak heart. Get ye to your knees for to pray. Ye are ded theevs, by yea and ray! "JON AMEND ALL,

of the Green Wood, And his jolly fellawesh p. "Now, weil-a-day for charity and the Christian graces!" Sir Oliver exclaimed. "I will swear upon the cross of Holywood throat cut, for therein they are again in horse."

error, as there still live credible witnesses to show." "It boots not, sir parson," sald Bennett "Here is unseasonable talk."

ed the priest. "I take all men to witness and her at the Moat House. Be it upon every man that we can horse," returned Bennet. "There is a fight toward, it seems, and my lord stays a reinforce-"Sir Oliver," said Hatch, interrupting,

"since it please you not to stop this sermon, I will take other means. Goffe, sound to horse." And, while the tucket was sounding, Bennet moved close to the bewildered

parson, and whispered violently in his ed upon him for an instant in a startled vards it lay submerged beneath the stagglance. He had some cause for thought; for this Sir Harry Shelton was not his

> Book I-The Two Lads. CHAPTER I.

word, and kept his countenance unmoved.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SUN IN KETTLEY. By 2 in the morning, Sir Daniel sat in be no men nearer us than Sir Daniel's at | the inn room in Kettley, close by the fireside, for it was cold at that hour among "Hear him!" grinned Appleyard, the fens of Kettley. He had taken off his dry upon the farther side, he was aware "How many a rogne would give his two visored headpiece, and sat with his bald crop ears to have a shoot at either of us? Head and thin, dark yisage resting on one agray horse, sunk to its belly in the mud, say, they have mention and the party warming in a surplus col. the fens of Kettley. He had taken off his Saint Michael, man! they hate us like hand, wrapped warmly in a sanguine-col-two polecats!" and still spasmotically struggling. In-stantly, as though it had divined the "Well, sooth it is, they hate Sir Dan- about a dozen of his men stood sentry over the door or lay asleep on berches; Worth. 'Av, they hate Sir Daniel, and they and somewhat nearer hand, a young lad, apparently of twelve or thirteen, was "Hither," cried Sir Daniel to the boy:

and as the other rose at his command and was a stout fillow yonder in the came slowly towards him, he leaned back dge, and you and I stood fair for and laughed outright. "By the rood!" he cried, "a sturdy boy!"

The lad flushed crimson with anger and THE B, for a good wager," answered darted a look of hate out of his dark eyes Now that he was on his legs, it was more surcoat to a leather belt, it would difficult to make certain of his age. His ariy of Preu," cried the old archer. "Ye face looked somewhat older in expression Denver Ocd Grimstone, Bennet-they'll ne'er but it was as smooth as a young child's;

> "Ye have called me, Sir Daniel." he said. "Was it to laugh at my poor

"Nay, now, let laugh," said the knight. "An ye could see yourself, I warrant ye would laugh the first."

"Well," cried the lad, flushing, knee. He was not yet dead; his face shall answer this when ye answer for the of reeds.

"Nay, now, good cousin," replied Sir Daniel, with some earnestness. "Think not that I mock at you, except in mirth, "Pluck out the shaft, and let me pass, as between kinsfolk and singular friends. I took you, indeed, roughly, as the time demanded; but from henceforth I shall ungradgingly maintain and cheerfully serve you. Ye shall be Mrs. Shelton-Lady Shelton, by my troth! for the lad

> heart, and est." will fast for my soul's interest."

promiseth bravely. "Sit ye down, sweet-

"Ye shall have a dispensation, go to!" cried the knight. "Content you, then,

But the lad was obstinate, drank a cup of water, and, onc: more wrapping himself closely in his mantle, sat in a far corner brooding.

Presently after, came the clatter of arms and horses; and Richard Shelton, aducking? Blood of wound or dust of splashed with mud, presented himself upon the threshold.

"Save you, Sir Daniel," he said. "How! Dickie Stelton!" cried the knight; and at the mention of Dick's name the other lad looked curiously across. "What maketh Bennet Hatch?" "Please you, sir knight, to take cogni-

while I lift him by the shoulders, and let answered Richard, presenting the priest's letter. "Friend Dick," said the knight, "fall to.

Sir Daniel opened the packet, and as "Appleyard"—the new-comer was say- he read his brow darkened. When he

"Dick," said he, "y' have seen this penny rhyme?" The lad replied in the sfirmative.

"It bears your father's name," continued the knight; "and our poor shrew "He did most eagerly deny

answered Dick. "He did?" cried the knight, very of force! He hath taken me by violence "Nay," cried the priest, "this is foul sharply. "Heed him not. He has a from my own place; dressed me in these loose tongue; he babbles like a jack-sparrow. Some day, when I may find sick; gibed me till 1 could's' wept; and sparrow. Some day, when I may find sick; gibed me till I could'a' wept; and the leisure, Dick, I will myself more fully when certain of my friends pursued, inform you of these matters. There was

> was no justice to be got." "It befell at the Most House?" Dick tween us; he shall smart for all!"

miserable. Carper's Lit. last: "That the Secretary of the Preas

line from me." With that Sir Daniel, turning his back to Dick and quite at the farther end of the long table, began to write his letter with his mouth on one side, for this business of the Black Arrow stuck sorely in

his throat.

Meanwhile, young Shelton was going on heartly enough with his breakfast, when he feit a touch upon his arm and a very soft voice whispering in his ear. "Make not a sign, I do besee h you," said the voice, "but of your charity tell

me the straight way to Holywood. Beset me so far forth upon the way to my

"Take the path by the windmill," answered Dick, in the same tone; "it will bring you to Till Ferry; there inquire again

And without turning his head he fell again to eating. But with the tail of his eye he caught a glimpse of the young lad called Master John stealthily creeping

"Why," thought Dick, "he is as voung as I. 'Good boy' doth he call me? An I had known I should have seen the var-Dick Shelton took the paper in his hard let hanged ere I had told him. Weil, if

> Half an hour later Sir Daniel gave Dick the letter and bade him speed to the Most House. And again some half an hour after Dick's departure the tucket was sounding cheerily in the morning, from all sides Sir Daniel's men poured into the main street and formed before the inn. The chief part were in Sir Daniel's livery, murrey and blue, which gave the greater show to their array; and the kright looked with pride along the line. "Why! how now!" he cried. "John! Johns! Nay, by the sacred rood! where is she? Host, where is that girl?"

"Girl, Sir Daniel?" cried the landlord. "Nav. sir. 1 saw no girl."

"Boy, then, dotard!" cried the knight. broke her fast with water, rogue-where

"Nay, the saints bless us! Master John, ye called him," said the host. I am as innocent of that good knight's "Well, I thought none evil. He is gone. hurt, whether in act or purpose, as the I saw him-her-I saw her in the stable a babe unchristened. Neither was his good hour agone; 'a was saddling a grey

"Now, by the rood!" cried Sir Daniel, "the wench was worth £500 to me, and more. Selden, fall me out with six crossbowmen; hunt me her down. I care not "Nay, Master Bennet, not so," answer- what it cost; but, at my returning, let me

CHAPTER II.

IN THE PEN. It was near 6 in the May morning when Dick began to ride down into the fen upon his homeward way. The path lay almost straight through the morass. It was already very ancient; its foundation had been laid by Roman soldiery; in the lapses of ages much of it had sunk, and every here and there for a few hundred

nant waters of the fen. About a mile from Kettley, Dick came to one such break in the plain line of causeway, where the reeds and willows grew dispersely like little islands and confused the eye. The gap, besides, was more than u ually long-it was a place where any stranger might come readily to mischief; and Dick bethought him, with something like a pang, of the lad

whom he had so impertectly directed. Half-way across, and when he had already sighted the path rising high and neighborhood of help, the poor beast began to teigh most piercingly. It rolled meanwhile, a bloodshot eye, insane with terror; and as it sprawled wallowing in the quag, clouds of stinging insects rose

and buzzed about it in the air. "Alack!" thought Dick, "can the poor lad have perished? There is his horse, for certain-a brave grey! Nay, comrade, if thou criest to me so piteously, do all man can to help thee. Shalt not lie there to drown by inches!"

And he made ready his crossbow and

Dick rode on, after this act of rugged mercy, somewhat sobered in spirit, and looking closely about him for any signs of his less happy predecessor in the way.
"I would I had dared to tell h m further," he thought; "for I fear he has

miscarried in the slough." And just as he was so thinking a voice cried upon his name from the causeway side, and, looking over his shoulder, he saw the lad's face peering from a clump

"Are ye there?" he said, reining in. Ye lay so close among the reeds that I had passed you by. I saw your horse bemired and put him from his agony; which, by my south! and ye had been

merciful rider ye had done yourself." "Nay, good boy, I have no arms, nor skill to use them if I had," replied the other, stepping forth upon the pathway. "Why call me boy?" cried Dick. "Ye

are not, I trow, the elder of us twain." "Good Master Shelton," said the other, "prithee forgive me. I have none "Nay," said Master John, "I will break other, "prithee forgive me. I have none to his oars. "A cat may look at a king other, "prithee forgive me. I have none to his oars. "A cat may look at a king other, "prithee forgive me. I have none to his oars. "A cat may look at a king other, "now I bethink me," I did but take a shot of the eye at Master "Now I bethink me," this must be Grimston. would in every way beseech your gentleness and favor, for I am now worse beset than ever, having lost my way, my cloak and my poor horse. To have a ridingrod and spurs and never a horse to sit upon! And before all," he added,

ing ruefully upon his clothes-"before all, to be sorrily besmirched!" "Tut!" cried Dick. "Would ye mind travel!-that's a man's adornment."

"Nay, then, I like him better plain," observed the lad. "But, prithee, how shall I do? Prithee, good Master Richard, help me with your good counsel. If I come not safe to Holywood I am undone."

"Nay," said Dick, dismounting, "I will give more than counsel. Take my horse and I will run awhile, and when I am weary we shall change again, that so, riding and running, both may go to the speedier."

So the change was made and they went forward as briskly as they durst on the uneven causeway, Dick with his hand upon the other's knee.

"How call ye your name? ' asked Dick. "Call me John Matcham," replied the

"And what make ye to Holywood?" Dick continued. "I seek sanctuary from a man that would oppress me," was the answer.

"And how came ye with Sir Daniel, Master Matcham?" pursued Dick. "Nay," cried the other, "by the abuse thinking to have me back, claps me in the but the times were troubled, and there grazed in the right foot, and walk but lamely. Nay, there shall come a day be-

Officer," faild Hatch, as he held the price the string while he mounted.

"It befell between the Moat House and price the forward down the road, and hand gun?" said Dick. "Tis a valiant the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of the scattered but he shot a covert glance black with guessed three of the scattered houses that make up Tunstall Hamlet, when coming to a turn, they saw the said of the kinght, "speed you with your light, it would go sore with me."

A tall man appeared upon the shore of the shore of the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of his ethicuted its contents, nodded, saw him in an instant, with the corner of his ethicute of attention, raised the spoon to the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of his ethicute of attention, raised the spoon to the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of his ethicute of attention, raised the spoon to the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of his ethicute of attention, raised the spoon to the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of his ethicute of attention, raised the spoon to the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of his ethicute of attention, raised the spoon to the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of his ethicute of attention, raised the spoon to the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick saw him in an instant, with the corner of his ethicute of attention, raised the spoon to the island, a long bow in his hand. Dick sa "Would ye shoot at the moon with a hand gun?" said Dick. "'Tis a valiant

meal; ye shall return to Tunstall with a | "y" are his ward, I know it. By the same token, so am I, or so he saith: or else he Stand! Back out, Hugh Ferryman." hath bought my marriage-I wet not rightly which; but it is some handle to

oppress me by."
"Bry, sgain!" said Dick. "Nay, then, shall I call you girl, good Richard?" asked Matcham.

"Never a girl for me," returned Dick "I do abjure the crew of them."
"Ye speak boyishly," said the other. "Ye think more of them than ye pre-

"Not I," said Dick, stout'y. "They come not in my mind. I never heard of a gan to drag him forward. It was the rid maid yet that was for any service, save-ing rod that Matcham, crawling forth upon one only; and she, poor shrew, was buried an joverhauging willow, had opportunely for a witch and the wearing of men's thrust into his grasp.

Master Matcham crossed himself with irvor, and sppeared to pray.

"By the mass!" cried Dick, as he was helped ashore, "that makes a life I owe you. Come, Jack, run for it!" clothes in spite of nature." fervor, and sppeared to pray.

"What make ye?" Dick inquired. "I pray for her spirit," answered the other, with a somewhat troubled voice. "For a witch's spirit?" Dick cried. tussock to tussock. Presently "For a witch's spirit?" Dick cried. tussors to lussors to lussors to seemly the "But pray for her, an ye list; she was the ground began to rise, which showed him heat wench in Europe, was this Joan of he was still in the right way, and soon best wench in Europe, was this Joan of

"Well, but, good Master R'chard," re- solid turf, where elms began to mingle sumed Matcham, "an ye like maids so with the willows. But here Matcham, little, y' are no true natural man; for who had been dragging far into the rear, God made them twain by intention, and threw himself fairly down. brought true love into the world, to be man's hope and woman's comfort." "Faugh!" said Dick. "You are a milk-

sepping baby, so to harp on women. An ye think I be no true man, get down upon the path, and whether at fists, backsword, or bow and arrow, I will prove my man-heed on your body." "Nay, I am no fighter," said Matcham, esgerly. "And if I talk of women, it is

because I heard ye were to marry."
"I to marry!" Dickexclaimed. "Well,
It is the first I hear of it. And with whom was I to marry?" "Oae Joan Sedley," replied Matcham, coloring. '-It was Sir Daniel's doing;

he hath money to gain upon both sides;

and, indeed, I have heard the poor wench bemosning herself pitifully of the match." "Well, marriage is like death, it comes "Could ye not see it was a wench? She to all," said Dick, with resignation. in the murrey-colored mantle—she that "And she bemoaned herself! I pray ye now, see there how shuttle-witted are these girls; to bemoan herself before that she had seen me! Do I bemoan myself Not I. An I be to marry, I will marry dry-eyed! But if you know her, prithee, of what favor is she? fair or foul? And

Is she shrewish or pleasant?" "Nay, what matters it?" said Matcham. "An y' are to marry, ye can but marry. What matters foul or fair? These be but toys. Y'are no milksep, Master Richard. Ye will wed with dry eyes, anyhow." "It is well said," replied Shelton. "Lit-

tle I reck." "Your lady wife is like to have a pleasant lord," said Matcham. "She shall have the lord heaven made

her for," returned Dick. "I trow there be worse as well as better." "Ab, the poor weach," cried the other. "And why so poor?" asked Dick. "To wed a man of wood," replied his companion. "Oh, me, for a wooden hus-

"I think I be a man of wood, indeed," said Dick, "to trudge afoot the while you ride my horse; but it is good wood, I trow." "Good Dick, forgive me," cried the other. "Nay, y'are the best heart in Eugland; I but laughed. Forgive me now,

band

sweet Dick." Dick. "Nay, no fool words," returned Dick, a little embarrassed by his companion's mother, Jack "

warmth. "No harm is done. I am not touchy, praise the saints."

Audat that moment the wind, which was gravilled basin no bigger than a pocket. went, brought them the rough flourish of Sir Daniel's trumpeter.

hunger. "Hars!" said Dick, "the tucket soundeth." asked Dick. "Ay," said Matcham, "They've found

he became pale as death.
"Why, now, what alleth thee?" said
Dick. "See ye here, John Matcham—sith
"Sit ye." John Matchem is your name-I, Richard Shelton, tide what betide, come what the road " And he took a wallet from may, will see you safe in Holywood. The saints so do to me sgain if I default you. of dried bacon. Come, pick me up a good heart, Sir White-face. The way betters here; spur me the horse. Go faster! faster! Nay,

mind not for me; I can run like a deer. So, with the horse trotting very hard, and Dick running easily alongside, they put a quarrel through the creature's crossed the remainder of the feu, and came out upon the banks of the river by

the ferryman's hut.

CHAPTER III. THE FEN FERRY. Dick went to the door and opened it. Within, upon a foul old russet cleak, the

ferryman lav. "Hey, Master Shelton," he said. ye for the ferry? Ill times! ill times! Look to yourself. There is a fellowship hawthorn, two or three roofless gables, blackened as if by fire, and a single tall abroad. Ye were better turn round on chimney marked the ruins of a house. your two heels and try the bridge,"

"Nay; time's in the saddle," answered lick. "Time will ride, Hugh Ferryman. Matcham. Dick. I and my kinsman, Master Matcham, we are hot in haste." Hugh Ferryman grumblingly undid his boat and shoved it a little forth into the

strong. A dry ditch was dug deep about deep water. Then Dick led in the horse it; but it was now choked with and Matcham hastily followed. "Ye be mortal small made, master," The two farther wails still stood; the sun said Hugh with a wide g.in; "something shining through their empty windows; o' the wrong model, belike. Nay, Master Spelton, I am for you," he added, getting collapsed, and now lay in a great calrn of

Matcham." "Sirrah, no more words," said Dick. of one Simon Malmesbury; Sir Daniel "Bend me your back."

They were by this time at the mouth of burned it, now five years agone." Down in the hollow, where no wind biew, it was both warm and still; and the creek and the view opened up and down the river. "My Master," said the ferryman, keep-Matcham, laying one hand upon Dick's ing the boat steady with one ore, "I have arm, held up a warning finger. "Hist?" he said. island. He bears me a black grudge to all Sir Daniel's. How if I turned me up stream and landed you an arrow flight they recognized its nature. It was the above the path? Ye were best not meddle sound of a big man clearing his throat;

with John Fennie." "Be it so, Hugb," answered Dick. broke into singing. They pulled a long way up the river, turned the tall of an island, and came other. Whoever he might be, their insoftly down a parrow channel next the visible neighbor was just beyond the ruin. opposite bank. Then Hugh held water And suddenly the color came into Match-

in mid-stream. "I must land you here among the willows," he said. "Here is no path but willow swamps and quagmires," answered Dick. "Master Shelton," replied Hugh, "I

dare not take ye nearer down, for your been in time; as it was, he was fain to follow. sake now." Right in the corner of the ruin two state, and in Vermont the smoking of a Hugh was still speaking, lying on his oars, when there came a great shout from rafters had fallen crosswise, and pro-among the willows on the island, and tected a clear space no larger than a pew sounds followed as of a strong man in church. Into this the lads sliently breasting roughly through the wood. lowered themselves. There they were "A murrain!" cried Hugh. "He was perfectly concealed, and through an

on the upper island all the while." He arrow loophole, commanded a view upon the further side. pulled straight for shore. The boat ran into a tough thicket of Peering through this, they were struck sale in New York on Monday for \$130. willows with a crash. Matcham, pale, but stiff with terror at their predicament. steady and alert, at a sign from Dick, ran Upon the very margin of the ditch, not along the thwarts and leaped ashore; thirty feet from where they crouched, a Dick, taking the horse by the bridle, great iron caldron bubbled and steamed sought to follow, but what with the ani- above a glowing fire; and close by, in an great iron caldron bubbled and steamed mal's bulk, and what with the closeness attitude of listening, as though he had of the thicket, both stuck fast. of the thicket both stuck fast.

"It may not be Hugh; here is no land-ing," cried Dick; but he still struggled tered-looking man stood poised, an iron valiantly with the obstinate thicket and spoon in his right hand, a horn and a the startled animal. A tall man appeared upon the shore of

"He shall have no hurt, upon the rood! taking up his song where he had left it: O, sir, we walk not here at all an evil thing Dick cried a taunting snawer. "Nay, then, ye shall go afoot," re-

struggling in the eddies of the river.

were clear his hand had closed on some-

"Leave me, Dick!" he cried, pantingly;

Dick turned and came back to where

"Nay, Jack, leave thee!" he cried.

ment of which he was himself incapable.

be on. Here is no place for chatter."

"Nay, I am sixteen," said Matcham.

"Y'are poorly grown to height, then," arswered Dick. "But take my hand."

They began to go forward up the slope.

"We must hit the road, early or late,"

"And O, Dick, if I might come by any-

"Why, fool, did ye not est at Kettley?"

"I : ad made a vow-it was a sin I had

"Sit ye, then, and eat," said Dick,

CHAPTER IV.

A GREENWOOD COMPANY,

the high ground of Tunstall Forest.

"Let us even try," said Matcham.

It had been a pleasant mausion and a

masonry, and bridged by a great rafter.

but the remainder of the building had

"Now I bethink me," wh'spered Dick,

this must be Grimstone. It was a hold

was his bane. 'Twas Bennet Hatch that

crossed the fallen rafter and was climbing

cautiously on the huge piles of lumber

Dick would have withheld him, had he

formidable dagger at his belt.

Presently the fellow relaxed from his

that filled the interior of the roofless

"What may tas be?"

beaten path.

go warily."

house.

and a drowning, too, to save my

"I can no more."

alone can tell!"

gei? Twelve?

maid."

favored for a wench."

well that I am none "

high.

swim."

his companion lay.

thing firm and strong that instantly be-

But if we meet with the good king's deer to shoot a shaft into. turned the man, and he let drive an ar-Still as he sang, he took from time to time another spoonful of the broth, blew upon it, and tasted it, with all the airs of The horse, struck by the shaft, lashed out in agony and terror; the boat cap-sized, and the next moment all were

an experienced cook. At length, apparently, he judged the mess was ready for, taking the horu from his girdle, he blew three modulated calls.

When Dick came up he was within a yard of the bank, and before his eyes One after another, tail, likely fellows began to stroll into the lawn. Each as he came produced a knife and a horn cup, helped himself from the caldron, and sat down upon the grass to eat.

There were, perhaps, a score of them siready gathered, when a sound of suppressed cheering arose close by among the hawthorns, and immediately after five or six woodmen carrying a stretcher Ard, adding example to his words, he debouched upon the lawn. A fall, lusty began to run, dodging among the wil-lows, and in marshy places leaping from fellow somewhat grizzled, and as brown as a smoked ham, walked before them the with an air of (some fanthority, this bow at his back, a bright boar-spear in his after they came forth upon a slope of hand,

"Lads:" he cried, "see what I bring you, even that good creature, ale!" There was a murmur of applause as the bearers set down the stretchers and

displayed a goodly cask. "And now ! aste you," the man continued. "There is work toward. A handful of archers are but now come the ferry; murrey and blue is their wear; they are our butts-they shall all taste arrows-no man of them shall struggle

"That were a knave's trick, to be sure, when ye risked a shot and ducking, ay, through this wood." "Lawless, the cook, was by this time Drowning, in sooth, for why I did not already at his second horn of ale. He pullyou in slong with me the saints raised it, as if to pledge the speaker.

"Master Ellis Duckworth," he said, "Nsy," said Matcham, "I would 'a'saved us both, good Dick, for I can "y' are for vengeance-well it becometh you!-but your poor brother o' the greenwood, that had never lands to loose nor "Can ye so!" cried Dick, with open eyes. It was the one manly accomplish- friends to think upon, looketh rather, for Burlington, Kas. his poor part, to the profit of the thing. In the order of the things that he admired He had liever a gold noble and a pottle of That ar next to having killed a man in single fight camers wine than all the vengeance in purgatory."

"Lawless," replied the other, "to reach is a lesson to despise no man But, the Most House, Sir Daniel must pass the prithee fetch back you breath, and let us forest. We shall make that passage dearer, pardy, than any battle. Then, when "My foot hurts shrewdly," said Mathe hath got to earth with such ragged handful as escapeth us-all his great "Way, I had forgotten your foot," re- handful as escapeth us-all his great turned Dick. "Well, we must go the friends fallen and flad away, and none to give him aid-we shall belesguer that old geniller. Come, Dick, lean ye on my fox about, and great shall be the fall of shoulder, ye poor shrew. Nay, y'are not tall enough. What age are ye, for a wahim. 'Tis a fat buck; he will make a dinner for us all."

The speaker stood leaning on his boarspear and looked round upon the rest. They, in various attitudes, took greedily of the venison pottage, and liberaly washed it down with ale. first comers had by this time even discontinued Dick, "and then for a fresh patched their dinner. Some lay down start. By the mass! but y' 'ave a rickety upon the grass and fell instantly asleep, hand, Jack, I tell you," he went on, with a sudden chuckle, "I swear by the mass like bos constrictors; others talked to-I believe Hugh Ferryman took you for a gether, or overhauled their weapons; and one, whose humor was particularly gay, "Nay, never," cried the other, coloring helding forth an ale-horn, began to sing. All this while the two lads and listened and lain close; only Richard had unslung his crossbow and held ready in one hand "A' did, 'hough, for a wager!" Dick exclaimed. "Small blame to him. You look liker maid than man; and I tell you his winder, or grappling iron, that he more—y'are a strange looking rogue for a boy; but for a hussy, Jack, ye would be strange interruption. The tall chimney right fair—ye would. Ye would be well which overtopped the remainder of the rulus rose right above their hiding-place. There came a whistle in the air, and then "Well," said Matcham, "ye know right ments of a broken arrow fell about their ears. Some one from the upper quarters of the wood, had shot an arrow at the chimney ton "Nay, I know that; I do but jest," said | ments of a broken arrow fell about their "Ye'll be a man before your

"Pritnee, Dick, stop till I drink," said chimney-top. Matcham could not restrain a little cry. which he instantly stifled, and even Dick blowing straight behind them as they thing to eat! my very heart aches with lows on the lawn this shaft was an expected signal. They were all afoot together, tightening their belts, testing their bowstrings, loosening sword and dagger in the sheaths. Eilis held up his Cookir Stove in the World. been led into," stammered Matcham; but | hand; his face had suddenly assum now, if it were but dry bread, I would eat look of savage energy, the white of his eyes shone in his sur-brown face.

"Lads," he said, "ye know your "while that I scout a little forward for places. Let not one man's soul escape you. Appleyard was a whet before a his girdle wherein were bread and pieces meal; but now we go to table. I have three men whom I will bitterly avenge-Harry Shelton, Simon Malmesbury and " striking his bosom-"and Ellis Duck-

worth, by the mass." In the space of a minute some running, When Matcham was well rested and revived, the two lads began to mount into some walking sharply, according as their stations were nearer or farther away, the men of the Black Arrow had all disap-Ten minutes later they struck into a peared from the neighborhood of the "Here is a piece of forest that I know | ruined house,

TO BE CONTINUED.

not," Dick remarked. "Where goeth me this track?" An English paper states that the captain A few yards further the path came to of an ocean steamer one day found on his the top of a ridge, and began to go down vessel a pigion that had fallen from the abruptly into a cup shaped hollow. At air and seemed utterly exhausted. the foot, cut of a thick wood of flowering cared for it, and it soon recovered, becoming a favorite on the steamer. On landing the captain left the ship, and found, to his great surprise, that the pigeon flew beside him wherever he went. and even entered a coffee house beside "Nay, by the mass, I know not," an- its friend. Nor did its graditude cool swered Dick. "I am all at sea. Let us down, for it is still the constant companion of the captain.

Ben Snavely of Eustis, Fla., set a fine Plymouth Rock hen on thirteen eggs, and handsome little chickens. The second day they were out, and while they were feeding, the mother hen seemed much surprised, and was heard making a strange, frightened noise. She seemed to count the chicks over and over, and then deliberately pecked one of them to death. See then smoothed her ruilled feathers and once more became the picture of complacency.

A Philadelphia servant has guished herself by an original port of private theatricals. While her mistress was away she attired herself in the best WBAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS Then came a strange sound breaking on dress of the lady of the house, made the quiet. It was twice repeated ere calls upon strange ladies and invited them to return her courtesy. When they called she entertained them appropriately, and just then a hoarse untuneful voice showed them over the house and fell provoked because her girl had gone out. The The two lads stood looking at each farce continued fer some time.

A man intoxicated and poorly dressed was taken to a New York station house am's face, and next moment he had the other day. On searching him the officers found bank books in his ragged coat which showed that he had upward of \$10,000 to his credit. There is still in force in Rhode Island

> cigar on the street on Sunday is made a misdemeanor. A pair of gold enameled scissors and a pen knife, together with a certificate setting forth that they were once owned by Marie Antomette, were sold at public

a law forbidding the smoking of a cigar

on the main streets of any city in the

A ranchman at Savara, Colo., has a pig that has a perfect dog's head, with dog's hair covering the head and neck. Excepting this and a short and bushy tail the rest of the animal is like a pig.

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